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WITH GOD IN THE WAR

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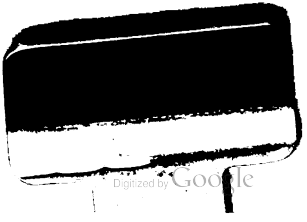

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Approved by
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of the
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With God in the War

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Preface

THIS book has been compiled from various sources, old and new, to give to those who are fighting the supreme battle of our generation expression for the thoughts and aspirations which come inevitably to men absorbed in a great task. Under the three divisions of the book, The Purpose, The Way, and The Goal, these selections have been arranged. The reader is urged to use them as a basis for his own reflections. We all need to keep the high purpose of the War unstained by any selfish interest; we must make our own characters a straight, white road upon which the flaming presence of God may lead the world to the only goal which can justify the superb sacrifice,—a goal upon which are written Freedom and Righteousness and Love.

C. L. S.

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I

The Purpose

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With God in the War

LET us be very clear, and make clear to all the world what our motives and our objects are. . . . We are glad to fight for the ultimate peace of the world, and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. . . . We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. . . . We fight without rancour, . . . seeking nothing but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples. . . . We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it, because there are no other means of defending our rights, . . . in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right, and is running amuck.

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. . . The day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her she can do no other.

President Wilson

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The Purpose

BROTHERS in blood! They
who this wrong began
To wreck our common
wealth, will rue the day
When first they challenged free-
men to the fray,
And with the Briton dared the
American.
Now are we pledged to win the
Rights of man;
Labour and Justice now shall
have their way,
And in a League of Peace —
God grant we may —
Transform the earth, not patch up
the old plan.

Sure is our hope since he who led
your nation
Spake for mankind, and ye
arose in awe
Of that high call to work the
world's salvation;
Clearing your minds of all
estranging blindness

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In the vision of Beauty and the
Spirit's law,
Freedom and Honour and
sweet Lovingkindness.

Robert Bridges

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The Purpose

METHINKS I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eye at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance.

John Milton

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The Purpose

ONCE to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side.
By the light of burning martyrs
Jesus' bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the cross that turns not back.

Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

James Russell Lowell

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The Purpose

O BEAUTIFUL! my Country. . .
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

James Russell Lowell

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The Purpose

Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith.

THOU shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it; Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets.

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The Purpose

THOUGH love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply, —
" 'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

Ralph Waldo Emerson

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The Purpose

ONLY by putting honour and duty ahead of safety, shall we stand erect before the world, high of heart and the masters of our own souls.

Theodore Roosevelt

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The Purpose

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
O! be swift, my soul, to follow Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

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In the beauty of the lilies Christ
was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that
transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let
us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe

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The Purpose

IT is for us to be dedicated to the great task . . . that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

Abraham Lincoln

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The Purpose

THENCE not unmoved I see the nations form
From Dover to the fountains of the Rhine,
A hundred leagues, the scarlet battle-line,
And by the Vistula great armies swarm,
A vaster flood; rather my breast grows warm,
Seeing all peoples of the earth combine
Under one standard, with one countersign,
Grown brothers in the universal storm.

And never through the wide world yet there rang
A mightier summons! O Thou who from the side
Of Athens and the loins of Cæsar sprang,
Strike, Europe, with half the coming world allied,

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For those ideals for which, since Homer sang,
The hosts of thirty centuries have died.

George E. Woodberry

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The Purpose

AND, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? He said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou? And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live. But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour? And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and

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looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

The Gospel according to St. Luke

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The Purpose

I SAID, "Let me walk in the fields";
He said, "Nay, walk in the town";
I said, "There are no flowers there";
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the sky is black,
There is nothing but noise and din";
But He wept as He sent me back —
"There is more," He said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun";
He answered, "Yet hearts are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say";
He answered me, "Choose to-night
If I am to miss you or they."

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I cast one look at the field,
  Then set my face to the town:
He said, "My child, do you yield?
  Will you leave the flowers for
    the crown?"

Then into His hand went mine.
  And into my heart came He.
And I walk in the light divine
  The path I had feared to see.

George MacDonald

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The Purpose

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

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And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

Arthur Hugh Clough

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The Purpose

GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you. Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you. Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain.

The Gospel according to St. John

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The Purpose

O GOD, who hast called me to thy service; Show me thy purpose in this war; though it be hard, make me long to follow it; and give me courage to persevere till, at the last, all thy servants reach the goal which thou hast set for the world; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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The Purpose

O GOD, who hast taught us to trust in thee as our loving Father; Open our hearts to share that most daring purpose which thou hast revealed to thy servants in all ages, till the littleness of our knowledge is lost in the greatness of thy love; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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The Purpose

ALMIGHTY GOD, grant that I may awake to the joy of this day, finding gladness in all its toil and difficulty, in all its pleasure and success, in all its failure and sorrow; cause me to throw open the windows of my life, that I may look always away from myself and behold the need of the world; give me the will and the strength to bring the gift of thy gladness to others of thy children, that with them I may stand to bear the burden and heat of the day and offer thee the praise of work well done; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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The Purpose

ALMIGHTY GOD, grant that in times of uncertainty thy Holy Spirit may take from me all selfishness and compromise, and guide me to the choice that is right; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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The Purpose

ALMIGHTY GOD, we make our earnest prayer that thou wilt keep the United States in thy holy protection; that thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large. And finally that thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, and without an humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

George Washington

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II

The Way

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The Way

NOW is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light. Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.

St. Paul

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The Way

BE brave to live. Desponding heart, be strong, —
Strong to submit, to trust, to wait;
Our God is true, although His times be long
And hope's fulfilment late.
Hid by the misty curtain from thy view,
The years seem boundless, but a Hand
Which cannot fail shall guide thy feet all through
That undiscovered land.

Make not of work a labor. God is good.
What strength He asks, He ready stands to give.
Less by their fears, more by their love, He would
Have all his children live.
And thee He loveth; stronger love is not;
Earth cannot give a peace so deep.

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Then calmly live, take patiently
thy lot,
And God thy spirit keep.

William Reed Huntington

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CLIFTON CHAPEL

THIS is the Chapel: here, my son,
Your father thought the thoughts of youth,
And heard the words that one by one
The touch of Life has turned to truth.
Here in a day that is not far,
You too may speak with noble ghosts
Of manhood and the vows of war
You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the Cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,

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And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth —

My son, the oath is yours: the end
Is His, Who built the world of strife,
Who gave His children Pain for friend,
And Death for surest hope of life.
To-day and here the fight's begun,
Of the great fellowship you're free;
Henceforth the School and you are one,
And what You are, the race shall be.

God send you fortune: yet be sure,
Among the lights that gleam and pass,
You'll live to follow none more pure
Than that which glows on yonder brass.
"*Qui procul hinc*," the legend's writ, —
The frontier-grave is far away —
"*Qui ante diem periit:*
Sed miles, sed pro patria."

Sir Henry Newbolt

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The Way

BUT if, impatient, thou let slip thy cross,
Thou wilt not find it in this world again,
Nor in another; here, and here alone
Is given thee to *suffer* for God's sake.
In other worlds we shall more perfectly
Serve Him and love Him, praise Him, work for Him,
Grow near and nearer Him with all delight;
But then we shall not any more be called
To suffer, which is our appointment here.
Canst thou not suffer then one hour, — or two?
If He should call thee from thy cross today,
Saying, It is finished! — that hard cross of thine
From which thou prayest for deliverance,
Thinkest thou not some passion of regret

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Would overcome thee? Thou wouldst say, "So soon?
Let me go back and suffer yet awhile
More patiently; — I have not yet praised God."
And He might answer to thee, — "Never more.
All pain is done with." Whensoe'er it comes,
That summons that we look for, it will seem
Soon, yea too soon. Let us take heed in time
That God may now be glorified in us;
And while we suffer, let us set our souls
To suffer perfectly: since this alone,
The suffering, which is this world's special grace,
May here be perfected and left behind.

H. E. Hamilton King

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The Way

GOD, who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword
Swift and sharp and bright.
Thee would I serve if I might;
And conquer if I can.
From day-dawn till night,
Take the strength of a man.

Henry Charles Beeching

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The Way

"BUT it isn't playing the game," he said,
And he slammed his books away;
"The Latin and Greek I've got in my head
Will do for a duller day."
"Rubbish!" I cried; "The bugle's call
Isn't for lads from school."
D'ye think he'd listen? Oh, not at all:
So I called him a fool, a fool.

Now there's his dog by his empty bed,
And the flute he used to play,
And his favourite bat . . . but Dick, he's dead,
Somewhere in France, they say:
Dick with his rapture of song and sun,
Dick of the yellow hair,
Dicky whose life had but begun,
Carrion-cold out there.

Look at his prizes all in a row:
Surely a hint of fame.

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Now he's finished with, — nothing
    to show:
Doesn't it seem a shame?
Look from the window! All you
    see
Was to be his one day:
Forest and furrow, lawn and lea,
And he goes and chucks it away.

Chucks it away to die in the dark:
Somebody saw him fall,
Part of him mud, part of him equal
    blood,
The rest of him — not at all.
And yet I bet he was never afraid,
And he went as the best of them
    go,
For his hand was clenched on his
    broken blade,
And his face was turned to the foe.

And I called him a fool . . . oh
    how blind was I!
And the cup of my grief's abrim.
Will Glory o' England ever die
So long as we've lads like him?
So long as we've fond and fearless
    fools,
Who, spurning fortune and fame,

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Turn out with the rallying cry of
their schools,
Just bent on playing the game.

A fool! Ah no! He was more
than wise.
His was the proudest part.
He died with the glory of faith in
his eyes,
And the glory of love in his heart.
And though there's never a grave
to tell,
Nor a cross to mark his fall,
Thank God! we know that he
"batted well"
In the last great Game of all.

Robert W. Service

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The Way

AROUSED against a nation waging war in violation of all Christian principles, our people are fighting in the cause of Liberty.

Hardship will be your lot, but trust in God will give you comfort; temptation will befall you, but the teachings of our Saviour will give you Strength.

Let your valour as a soldier and your conduct as a man be an inspiration to your comrades and an honour to your country.

General Pershing

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The Way

SERVANTS of God! — or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind,
His, who unwillingly sees
One of his little ones lost —
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died!

See! In the rocks of the world
Marches the host of mankind,
A feeble wavering line.
Where are they tending? — A God
Marshal'd them, gave them their goal.
Ah, but the way is so long!
Years they have been in the wild!
Sore thirst plagues them, the rocks,
Rising all round, overawe;
Factions divide them, their host
Threatens to break, to dissolve.
— Ah, keep, keep them combined
Else, of the myriads who fill
That army, not one shall arrive;
Sole they shall stray; in the rocks

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Stagger for ever in vain,
Die one by one in the waste.

Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardour divine!
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.

Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave!
Order, courage, return.
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste.
On, to the City of God.

Matthew Arnold

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The Way

JESUS seeing the multitudes, went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding

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glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

The Gospel
according to St. Matthew

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The Way

SUPREMELY in His Hand are you,
To whom the mighty joy is given
On eagles' wings to climb the blue,
And, on the pinions of the winds,
To sweep the boundless plains of heaven.
So — to your minds
Be present this,
For cheer in your necessities, —

Who swings the countless spheres in space,
Yet to their even courses holds;
Who set the firmament in place
And its infinitudes unfolds, —
Come what come may of hap or chance,
He is your sure deliverance.

If but as Pilot by your side
He sits, upon Whose breath you ride,
He shall preserve you from alarms,
Spread wide His everlasting arms,

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And bear you safely up on high
In His most noble company.

No sparrow falls but it is known
Of Him who sits on Heaven's high throne;
And you, in your supremest hour,
Shall feel the uplift of His power,
And know you not alone.

Alone? Alone?
None is alone!
For where is one,
There He is too, —
No man goeth alone!

Higher than most, to you is given
To live — or in His time, to die;
So, bear you, as White Knights of Heaven —
The very flower of chivalry!
Take him as Pilot by your side,
And "All is Well" whate'er betide.

John Oxenham

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The Way

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

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If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard:
For frantic boast and foolish word
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Rudyard Kipling

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The Way

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills: from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh even from the Lord: who hath made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: and he that keepeth thee will not sleep.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel: shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord himself is thy keeper: the Lord is thy defence upon thy right hand;

So that the sun shall not burn thee by day: neither the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: yea, it is even he that shall keep thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in: from this time forth for evermore.

Book of Psalms

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The Way

AS sentinel you guard the gate
'Twixt life and death, and unto death
Speed the brave soul whose failing breath
Shudders not at the grip of Fate,
But answers, gallant to the end,
"Christ is the Word — and I His friend."

Then God go with you, priest of God,
For all is well and shall be well.
What though you tread the roads of Hell,
Your Captain these same ways has trod.
Above the anguish and the loss
Still floats the ensign of His Cross.

Winifred M. Letts

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The Way

INTO the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him — last
When out of the woods He came.

Sidney Lanier

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The Way

THERE is a hill in England,
Green fields and a school I know,
Where the balls fly fast in summer,
And the whispering elm-trees grow,
A little hill, a dear hill,
And the playing fields below.

There is a hill in Flanders,
Heaped with a thousand slain,
Where the shells fly night and noontide
And the ghosts that died in vain, —
A little hill, a hard hill
To the souls that died in pain.

There is a hill in Jewry,
Three crosses pierce the sky,
On the midmost He is dying,
To save all those who die, —
A little hill, a kind hill
To souls in jeopardy.

Everard Owen

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The Way

I NOW leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

Abraham Lincoln

From his address of farewell to Springfield, after becoming President.

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The Way

ALMIGHTY FATHER, I have often sinned against thee. O wash me in the precious Blood of the Lamb of God. Fill me with thy Holy Spirit that I may lead a new life. Spare me to see again those whom I love at home, or fit me for thy Presence in peace. Strengthen us to quit ourselves like men in our righteous cause. Keep us faithful unto death, calm in danger, patient in suffering, merciful as well as brave, true to our country and our colours. If it be thy will enable us to win the victory for human liberty; but above all grant us the better victory over temptation and sin, over life and death, that we may be more than conquerors through him who loved us and laid down his life for us, Jesus Christ our Saviour, the Captain of the army of God. *Amen.*

Lord Roberts

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The Way

O GOD, my refuge and strength; Keep me safe from all evil; grant me skill and courage in battle; heal my wounds; assuage my pain; and whenever, soon or late, in days of war or in days of peace, thou openest to me the gates of larger life, receive me again into thy joyful service, to win with thee and thy servants everywhere the eternal victory of all good over all wickedness; through our only Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

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The Way

ALMIGHTY God, drive from me all unclean thoughts, keep my lips from all wicked words, and in every temptation save me by the remembrance of thy Son Jesus Christ, glorious in purity and strength, my Master and my King. *Amen.*

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The Way

O GOD, who sufferest me to be tempted that I may be strong; Take from my heart all self-pity and excuses; enlighten my mind with thy vision of purity and honour and love; and give to my whole being the power so to fight my besetting sin that, though I be scarred, I may win the victory of my Master, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

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The Way

GRANT, O Lord, that in all the joy of my life I may never forget to be kind. Help me to be unselfish in friendship, thoughtful of those less happy than myself, and eager to bear the burdens of others; through Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

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The Way

O GOD, who hast made me; Grant me thy gift of health, that with a strong body I may fight for the right and the true, and be thy faithful soldier and servant unto my life's end; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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The Way

ALMIGHTY GOD, who hast sent thy Son into the world to be for ever the friend of mankind; Grant to me the consciousness of his presence, that, receiving his power, I may conquer temptations and troubles, and rise with strength to do thy will; through the same Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

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The Way

ALMIGHTY GOD, grant that I and all who fight at my side may so keep our hands from all dishonour, that we may dare to ask of thee the victory; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Digitized by Google

The Way

ALMIGHTY God, who dost send thy servants upon errands of mercy; Bless all who minister to the suffering caused by war; keep them safe in all danger; and give them strength and love to heal in thy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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The Way

O GOD, give grace and power, I beseech thee, to the ministers of thy Word in all fleets and armies; inspire them with patience, kindness, and wisdom, that they may reveal to those whom they serve that in all times and in all places thou carest for them; through Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

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The Way

ALMIGHTY God, whose most dear Son went not up to joy, but first he suffered pain, and entered not into glory before he was crucified; Mercifully grant that, walking in the way of the cross, I may find it none other than the way of life and peace; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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III

The Goal

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The Goal

WHO shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? . . . Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord.

Saint Paul

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The Goal

LORD God of Hosts, whose mighty hand
Dominion holds on sea and land,
In peace and war Thy will we see
Shaping the larger liberty.
Nations may rise and nations fall,
Thy changeless purpose rules them all.

John Oxenham

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The Goal

ONLY through Me! . . .
The clear, high call comes pealing
Above the thunders of the battle-plain; —
Only through Me can Life's red wounds find healing;
Only through Me shall earth have peace again.

Only through Me! Love's might, all might transcending,
Alone can draw the poison fangs of hate.
Yours the beginning! Mine a nobler ending —
Peace upon earth, and man regenerate!

Only through Me can come the great awakening!
Wrong cannot right the wrongs that Wrong hath done;
Only through Me, all other gods forsaking,
Can ye attain the heights that must be won.

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Can we not rise to such great
height of glory?
Shall this vast sorrow spend
itself in vain?
Shall future ages tell the woeful
story —
Christ by his own was crucified
again?

John Oxenham

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The Goal

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will avail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take;
What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower!

We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear!
We kneel, how weak! we rise, how full of power!

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
Or others, that we are not always strong;
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be,

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Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
And joy and strength and courage are with Thee?

Richard C. Trench

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The Goal

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light,
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

One, the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;

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One the conflict, one the peril,
  One, the march in God begun:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
  On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
  Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers!
  Onward with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
  Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
  Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
  And the end of toil and gloom!

S. Baring-Gould

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The Goal

A THOUSAND creeds and battle-cries,
A thousand warring social schemes,
A thousand new moralities,
And twenty thousand thousand dreams.

Each on his own anarchic way,
From the old order breaking free —
Our ruined world desires, you say,
License, once more, not liberty.

But ah, beneath the struggling foam,
When a storm and change are on the deep,
How quietly the tides come home,
And how the depths of sea-shine sleep;

And we who march toward a goal,
Destroying only to fulfil
The law, the law of that great soul
Which moves beneath your alien will;

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We, that like foemen meet the past
  Because we bring the future, know
We only fight to achieve at last
  A great reunion with our foe;

Reunion in the truths that stand
  When all our wars are rolled away;
Reunion of the heart and hand
  And of the prayers wherewith we pray;

Reunion in the common needs,
  The common strivings of mankind;
Reunion of our warring creeds
  In the one God that dwells behind . . .

Forward! — what use in idle words?
  Forward, O warriors of the soul!
There will be breaking up of swords
  When that new morning makes us whole.

Alfred Noyes

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The Goal

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain: and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is

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grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever. O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

Isaiah

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The Goal

SHADOW by shadow, stripped for fight,
The lean black cruisers search the sea.
Nightlong their level shafts of light
Revolve and find no enemy.
Only they know each leaping wave
May hide the lightning and their grave!

And in the land they guard so well
Is there no silent-watch to keep?
An age is dying, and the bell
Rings midnight on a vaster deep;
But over all its waves once more
The searchlights move from shore to shore.

And captains that we thought were dead.
And dreamers that we thought were dumb,
And voices that we thought were fled,
Arise and call us — and we come:
And "Search in thine own soul," they cry,

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"For there, too, lurks thine enemy."

Search for the foe in thine own soul:
The sloth, the intellectual pride,
The trivial jest that veils the goal
For which our fathers lived and died;
The lawless dreams, the cynic art,
That rend thy nobler self apart!

Not far, not far into the night
These level swords of light can pierce;
Yet for her faith does England fight —
Her faith in this our universe,
Believing Truth and Justice draw
From founts of everlasting law.

Therefore a Power above the State —
The unconquerable Power, returns,
The fire, the fire that made her great,
Once more upon her altar burns.

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Once more, redeemed and healed
and whole,
She moves to the Eternal Goal.

Alfred Noyes

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The Goal

"I have once more to remark upon the devotion to duty, courage, and contempt of danger which has characterized the work of the Chaplains of the Army throughout this campaign." — Sir John French, in the Neuve Chapelle dispatch.

AMBASSADOR of Christ you go
Up to the very gates of Hell,
Through fog of powder, storm of shell,
To speak your Master's message; "Lo,
The Prince of Peace is with you still,
His peace be with you, His Good-will."

It is not small, your priesthood's price,
To be a man and yet stand by,
To hold your life while others die,
To bless, not share the sacrifice,
To watch the strife and take no part —
You with the fire at your heart.

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But yours, for our great Captain Christ,
To know the sweat of agony
The darkness of Gethsemane,
In anguish for these souls unpriced.
Vicegerent of God's pity you,
A sword must pierce your own soul through.

In the pale gleam of new-born day,
Apart in some tree-shadowed place,
Your altar but a packing-case,
Rude as the shed where Mary lay,
Your sanctuary the rain-drenched sod,
You bring the kneeling soldier God.

Winifred M. Letts

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The Goal

I SAW the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against the pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
To seek a bloody sod —
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

Winifred M. Letts

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The Goal

PETER answered and said unto Jesus, Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore? And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.

The Gospel
according to St. Matthew

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The Goal

"WE had forgotten You,
or very nearly —
You did not seem to
touch us very nearly —
Of course we thought about
You now and then;
Especially in any time of
trouble —
We knew that You were good in
time of trouble —
But we were very ordinary
men.

"And there were always other
things to think of —
There's lots of things a man has
got to think of —
His work, his home, his pleasure
and his wife;
And so we only thought of You on
Sunday —
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on
Sunday —
Because there's always lots to
fill one's life.

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"And all the while in street or lane
or byway —
In country lane, in city street or
byway —
You walked among us and we
did not see.
Your feet were bleeding as You
walked our pavements, —
How did we miss your footprints
on our pavements? —
Can there be other folk as
blind as we?

"Now we remember, over here in
Flanders —
(It isn't strange to think of you
in Flanders) —
This hideous warfare seems to
make things clear.
We never thought about You
much in England —
But now that we are far away
from England —
We have no doubts, we know
that You are here.

"You helped us pass the jest along
the trenches —

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Where, in cold blood, we waited
in the trenches —
You touched its ribaldry and
made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain
and weakness —
We're glad to think You under-
stood our weakness —
Somehow it seems to help us
not to whine.

"We think about You kneeling in
the garden —
Ah, God! the agony of that
dread garden —
We know You prayed for us
upon the cross.
If anything could make us glad
to bear it —
'Twould be the knowledge that
You willed to bear it —
Pain — death — the uttermost
of human loss.

"Though we forget You, You will
not forget us —
We feel so sure that You will not
forget us —
But stay with us until this
dream is past.

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And so we ask for courage,
strength, and pardon —
Especially, I think, we ask for
pardon —
And that You'll stand beside
us to the last."

L. W.

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The Goal

THERE is one great and welcome view of life in which we have a right to think that God commands us just to go on and do our clear duties, and He will see that they work out completely ultimately in the great design. When the whole great design grows dim before us, when we find it hard to trace any great purpose running through this snarl of life, when doubt of the great consummation makes us weak, then just to go on and do our duties one by one, even without knowing where they are leading us; to make today's hard march, to fight today's hard battle, and leave the great campaign where it belongs, in the wise Captain's hands, — *there* is the only comfort; and when we take it in profound humility, behold! it is enough. Doing the duty that we see, we do not walk in darkness, but we have the light of life.

Phillips Brooks

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The Goal

Be strong!
WE are not here to play,
to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to
do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis
God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil — who's
to blame?
And fold thy hands and acquiesce
— Oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely,
in God's name!

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched
the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the
day how long;
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow
comes the song.

Maltbie D. Babcock

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The Goal

'TWAS August, and the fierce sun overhead
Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
In Spitalfields, look'd thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said:
"Ill and o'erwork'd, how fare you in this scene?"
"Bravely!" said he; "for I of late have been
Much cheer'd with thoughts of Christ, *the living bread*."

O human soul! as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light,
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

To cheer thee and to right thee if thou roam —

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Not with lost toil thou labourest
through the night!
Thou mak'st the heaven thou
hop'st indeed thy home.

Matthew Arnold

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The Goal

LOUD mockers in the roaring street
Say Christ is crucified again:
Twice pierced His gospel-bearing feet;
Twice broken His great heart in vain.

I hear, and to myself I smile,
For Christ talks to me all the while.

No angel now to roll the stone
From off His unawaking sleep.
In vain shall Mary watch alone,
In vain the soldiers vigil keep.

Yet while they deem my Lord is dead
My eyes are on His shining head.

Ah! nevermore shall Mary hear
That voice exceeding sweet and low
Within the garden calling clear:
Her Lord is gone, and she must go.

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The Goal

Yet all the while my Lord I meet
In every London lane and street.

Poor Lazarus shall wait in vain!
And Bartimæus still go blind.
The healing hem shall ne'er again
Be touched by suffering humankind.

Yet all the while I see them rest,
The poor and outcast, on His breast.

No more unto the stubborn heart
With gentle mocking shall He plead,
No more the mystic pity start
For Christ once dead is dead indeed.

So in the street I hear men say,
Yet Christ is with me all the day.

Richard le Gallienne

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The Goal

STRONG with the strength of earth beneath their tread,
Slow as the marching stars they gaze upon,
Squadrons of living Men and living Dead,
The legions of Democracy press on.
As one they come. "And who in yonder van
Illumines all the path that men may see?"

. . . . . .

"I think it is a fellow working man
A carpenter, they say, from Galilee."

Harold Speakman

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The Goal

GOD of our world and all the worlds that be,
We return to Thee.
If plea of ours Thy purposes could sway
We would not pray:
But since Thy will its hidden goal hath wrought,
Beyond our thought,
Father, we pray as did Thy tortured Son,
Thy will be done.

By the stern brotherhood of grief and pain,
Advance Thy reign;
By honour that will pave the stricken field,
But will not yield;
By larger mercy and by love more wide,
By death defied;
By faith that looks beyond the hour of loss,
Burn out our dross!

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Nor for ourselves alone, nor for
today,
We die or slay.
A race unborn shall tread our
blossoming dust,
In times more just.
God, give us courage and the seeing
heart,
To do our part,
And through all our bitter blind-
ness do Thou still
Work out Thy will!

Amelia Josephine Burr

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The Goal

I HEARD a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it.

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And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.

And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

The Revelation of
St. John the Divine

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The Goal

THEN shall the King say, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

St. Matthew's Gospel

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The Goal

Strong in invincible hope we await the hour of our God.

Cardinal Mercier

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The Goal

LORD, we pray thee that thou wilt open our eyes to behold the heaven that lies about us, wherein they walk who, being born to the new life, serve thee with the clearer vision and the greater joy; through Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

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The Goal

ALMIGHTY GOD, give me grace to trust to thy never-failing care and love those who are dear to me, for this life and the life to come; knowing that thou art doing for them better things than I can desire or pray for; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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The Goal

O GOD, who on the mount didst reveal to chosen witnesses thine only-begotten Son wonderfully transfigured, in raiment white and glistering; Mercifully grant that we, being delivered from the disquietude of this world, may be permitted to behold the King in his beauty, who with thee, O Father, and thee, O Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

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The Goal

O LORD, who hast pity for all my weakness; Put from me worry and all misgiving, that having done my best while it was day, I may, when night cometh, commit myself, my tasks, and all I love into thy keeping, so receiving, as from thee, the gift of sleep; through Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

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The Goal

O GOD, who hast prepared for those who love thee such good things as pass man's understanding; Pour into our hearts such love toward thee, that we, loving thee above all things, may obtain thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

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The Goal

O HEAVENLY Father, who didst sustain thy most dear Son upon the cross; Give courage and faith to those who in the time of war abide at home; make their love a beacon to those who struggle in the night of battle; whereby both together may receive from thee the praise of deeds well done; through our Redeemer Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

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The Goal

BLESSED Lord, whose pity never faileth; Forgive the sins of the nations, and grant to them a righteous and enduring peace, out of which shall flow happiness to the people for evermore; for the love of thine only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

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The Goal

OUR Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

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The Goal

THEREFORE with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious Name; evermore praising thee, and saying, HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, Lord God of hosts, Heaven and earth are full of thy glory: Glory be to thee, O Lord Most High. *Amen.*

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The Goal

UNTO God's gracious mercy and protection I commit all I love. The Lord bless them and keep them. The Lord make his face to shine upon them, and be gracious unto them. The Lord lift up his countenance upon them, and give them peace, both now and evermore. *Amen.*

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